



The Tale of Lily's Triumph over Winter's Chill

"Once in a frosty, fairytale land, there was a kind-hearted peasant girl, named Lily, living under the harsh rule of her stepmother. Unlike her own daughter, who could do no wrong, Lily's every action was met with criticism and coldness. Despite this, Lily's spirit shone bright, her heart as pure as gold. Her stepmother, bitter and cruel, sought to rid herself of Lily, convincing the girl's father to abandon her in the icy wilderness.

Amidst the snow-covered fields, beneath a towering fir tree, Lily found herself alone, tears glistening like diamonds on her cheeks. It was here that King Frost, a majestic figure crackling with icy magic, appeared, hopping from branch to branch. He approached Lily, his presence sending shivers through the air.

'Greetings, young maiden,' King Frost's voice echoed. 'I am King Frost, ruler of winter's chill. Tell me, are you warm?'

Despite the biting cold, Lily greeted him with respect, her voice soft but unwavering. 'Hail, King Frost. I am managing well, thank you.'

King Frost, intrigued by her resilience and kindness, continued to test her, his frosty breath creating a world of sparkling ice around them. Each time he asked if she was warm, Lily responded with politeness, her voice weaker but still filled with gratitude.

Moved by her gentle spirit and unyielding politeness, King Frost decided to show her mercy. He wrapped her in luxurious furs, gave her a box of precious jewels, and clothed her in a robe of gold and

silver. Together, they rode in his grand sledge, pulled by six magnificent white horses.

Back home, the stepmother awaited news of Lily's demise, preparing a feast in anticipation. The family's little dog, however, foresaw a different fate, barking prophetic words of Lily's triumph and the stepmother's own daughter's downfall. Ignoring the dog's warnings, the stepmother sent her own daughter to the same fate, hoping for the same rewards.

King Frost appeared once more, but this time he was met with arrogance and rudeness. Angered by the girl's disrespect, he unleashed his full wintry wrath, freezing her in an instant.

As the stepmother impatiently awaited her daughter's return, the dog barked its final prophecy, revealing the grim truth. When the stepmother rushed to greet her daughter, she found only a frozen figure, and in her embrace, she too succumbed to King Frost's icy grip.

And so, the story tells us, kindness and warmth of heart can melt even the coldest of challenges, while bitterness and cruelty bring nothing but icy despair."